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Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the surviving executor of the last will and testament of Sarah J. Demarest, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate for settlement in the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Saturday, the sixth day of May next.
Dated March 30, 1905.
JAMES G. DEMAREST,
JOHN MONTGOMERY, Executor.

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To the Victor—The Spoils

By Hubert McBean Johnston

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When I got Phyllis alone in the conservatory I promptly proposed to her again. Fact is I wouldn't have come to the ball at all if it hadn't been that I intended to try again to win her.

"Jack," said Phyllis demurely, "I wish you would bring me a drink of water. Dancing always makes me so thirsty."

Phyllis has changed the subject every time just about the same way. I knew there was no use arguing, so I went for the water. Only I brought lemonade instead.

But when a fellow comes back with the lemonade after such an incident as that and finds another chap holding the lady's hand and his other arm hovering suspiciously along the back of the chair I think he should feel jolly well sore. I knew I did. As for Joe Haddon, he looked bored when I came in and half asleep.

"I beg pardon," said I. "If I'm intruding—"

Phyllis' eyes twinkled, and I knew she was laughing at me.

Just then Dawcy Graham came in.

"This one is ours, Phyllis," said he, holding up his card; "the third waltz, you know."

"Thank you, Jack," said Phyllis as she drank the lemonade.

I went down to the smoking room for a cigarette to steady my nerves. I don't know and for that matter don't care what Joe did.

However, I had the better of him, for I took Phyllis into supper.

"Accept him, Phyllis," I growled surlily.

"Not yet," said Phyllis.

"Going to?" I questioned in the same tone.

Phyllis' brows met in a perplexed frown. She appeared to be pondering the problem very deeply.

"I've thought of a way to settle it between you," she condescended to reply at length. "Tomorrow morning I'm going up to Grovehurst Hall, and you and Joe are to run a race up there in your autos. The one who gets there first—will—will win the race," finished Phyllis lamely.

I knew what that meant. If Haddon's touring car wouldn't be able to beat my dinky little runabout it would be because he had a breakdown. I supposed I must have looked what I thought for Phyllis looked at me inquisitively.

"Well," she questioned primly, "what is it now? Don't you think it is worth your while to enter that race?"

"The prize is worth it, Phyllis," said I, looking straight into her eyes. "The prize is the sweetest thing I ever had. But do you think the conditions are exactly fair?"

Phyllis' eyes twinkled.

"No," she said, "I don't; but, you know, beggars can't be choosers."

That settled it. I would make the run anyhow.

"Will there be a booby prize awarded?" I asked.

Phyllis shook her head. I was seized with a bright idea.

"You said you were going over yourself," I ventured. "I ought at least to have a consolation prize. Will you make the trip with me?"

Phyllis looked grave.

"I'm afraid it will look like favoritism," said Phyllis, "but I guess I can."

"Thanks," I said. "With a good mascot I'll stand a better show."

"Am I a good mascot?" asked Phyllis.

"May I never have a better!" I replied devoutly. "I'm willing to take chances on you for a good deal more than a motor race."

Phyllis liked that. Really, I feel as if I were quite clever at times. Then she took the wind all out of me again.

"The race will decide that," said she briefly.

If the way I fixed that runabout up for the run had anything to do with it I felt sure I ought to stand a chance at least. I got a repair man to look it over, and then after he was done I went over it myself and tapped every nut and bolt. As I was coming home I saw Joe Haddon driving down the river road.

"All ready?" said Phyllis as the clock struck 9 the next morning. And in a moment we had started the twenty miles. We hustled down the road like a monkey that had dropped its tail through the slot and twisted it around a trolley cable.

The cool November wind sent a great color up into Phyllis' cheeks, and a luxuriant golden lock fell loose and swept across her cheek. I was making up for any time we had or had not lost, and I wondered if she wasn't a bit nervous at the harebrained pace.

"Too fast, Phyllis," I questioned.

"Just a little," she replied.

I pulled the lever open another notch, and we could actually feel the machine take a fresh jump forward.

Phyllis clutched at my arm.

"Oh!" she cried, with a terrified little scream. "I meant to go slower."

"Can't do it," I replied grimly. "There's too much at stake on this race."

Phyllis looked at me from the tail of her eye.

"If we have a spill we'll be half killed," she pouted.

"We have demonstrated my good faith anyhow," I protested. "You'd know I'd come my back."

The runabout hit a stone that lay at the side of the road, and I saw certain

the front wheel traveled fifty feet before it hit the dust again.

"Oh," gasped Phyllis again, "do be careful, Jack, or we'll be killed!"

The machine was already going its limit or I would have opened it some more. I made the pretense of putting on more speed. I was having my revenge.

"I'm being careful," I said as well as I could for the wind, "but I've simply got to make it. Do you see Joe behind us?"

Phyllis could not see him.

"There are no auto tracks ahead," I observed. "If he's anywhere he must be back of us."

I sized up the track ahead and turned to look back. There was an auto behind us.

"Phyllis," I murmured reproachfully, "you said you couldn't see any one."

"That's not Joe," said Phyllis, with conviction.

"How do you know?" I asked. "It's a yellow car, and his is the only yellow touring car around here."

"I don't care," persisted Phyllis; "it's not Joe Haddon. So there!"

"We'll take no chances," I said maliciously. "It may be. You weren't even able to see an auto when you looked the first time."

"Do you think I'm deliberately lying to help Joe?" asked Phyllis icily.

"No," I answered, "but the issue is too important to trust to such poor eyesight."

"You goose!" said Phyllis irreverently.

The puff puff of the big machine was close behind us now, and I would have given worlds to have looked around and to see who was in it, but the risk was too great. Another mile and we would be at the Hall. So long as I kept the middle of the track the big car could not pass us. I determined to keep it.

"Get over," shouted a hoarse voice behind us. "That's not fair play."

"All's fair in war and"—I said it low and left the sentence unfinished. Phyllis heard it, and I felt her small gloved hand rest ever so lightly on my arm.

"Go it," she urged.

As we swung through the Hall gates and ran up the broad avenue the touring car passed us. It contained only Dawcy Graham.

I slowed down.

"Phyllis," I said, "did you know all the time that that was Dawcy?"

Phyllis nodded.

"And where's Joe?" I demanded.

"I don't know," replied Phyllis. "I told him 'No last night.'"

"And what made Dawcy follow us?" I persisted, still unsatisfied.

"I thought it would add a little to the excitement of the chase," said Phyllis, nestling into the hollow of my arm. "If he were to borrow the machine and come too. Don't you think it did?"

But it didn't matter what I thought. "If you hadn't been perfectly blind you'd have guessed it last night," said she.

The Impudent Reporter.

In the year 1874 the Marquis de Dufferin and Ava, then the governor general of Canada, visited Chicago. Concerning that visit he has written: "The day following my arrival I spent in bed with a very bad nervous headache, a fact which was announced to the public in the morning by a sensational paragraph in all the papers to the following effect: 'His royal highness down with a cold! Doctor sent for.' In fact, all the time I was at Chicago the papers teemed with similar elegances, the concluding leading article in the leading journal being headed 'Goodby, Old Dufferin.' Another paper devoted two of its columns to a description of an interview between one of its reporters and myself, in which I was described as sitting in a silk dressing gown, sucking sugar and water through a straw, while I communicated to my interlocutor—whom I always addressed as 'old fellow'—various state secrets affecting a minute detail of my private affairs, though, it is needless to say, the author of the narrative had never been within a hundred yards of me."

Readily Managed.

A famous lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A doctor came to him in great distress. Two sisters living in the same house had babies of equal age who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together, and it happened that by the carelessness of the nurses the children had become mixed. How were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants?

"But, perhaps," suggested the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all."

"Oh, but there's no doubt that they were changed!" said the doctor.

"Are you sure of it?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, if that's so, why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."

An Appropriate Hymn.

There was a certain young minister who came to grief while delivering his first sermon.

He had dressed under a great deal of excitement previous to entering the church and neglected to fasten his necktie down behind.

During the course of his sermon the tie gradually slipped up over this collar until nearly every one in the congregation noticed his predicament. Concluding his remarks, the young minister, sparring for an opportunity to adjust the tie, said, "Let us join in singing hymn No. 68."

He had announced the hymn at random, not knowing the nature of the words. The congregation turned to the hymn, then gave a gasp and nearly strangled.

The hymn read, "Blest be the tie that binds."

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THE LEMON IN THE TEA.

It is a Survival From Very Ancient Chinese Methods.

Whence the slices of lemon with the tea in Russia?

Okakura Kakuzo, a Japanese artist and critic, writing in the International Quarterly, says they point to a survival from very ancient Chinese methods, when tea leaves "were steamed, crushed in a mortar, made into a cake and boiled together with rice, ginger, salt, orange peel, spices, milk and sometimes with onions!"

Okakura tells also of the work of Luwuh, the poet, who in the eighth century became the first apostle of tea and wrote in three volumes and ten chapters the "Chaking," or "Holy Scripture of Tea." Luwuh instituted the code of tea and is become the tutelary god of Chinese merchants of the East.

According to this master, the mountain spring furnishes the best water, then come river water and plain spring water. There are three stages of boiling. The cake tea is roasted before the fire "until it becomes soft, like a baby's arm," and is shredded into powder between pieces of fine paper. Salt is put in the first boil, the tea in the second. At the third boil a dipperful of cold water is poured into the kettle to settle the tea and revive "the youth of the water." Then the beverage is poured into cups.

It was of such a beverage that Lu-tung, another poet, wrote: "The first cup moistens my lips and throat; the second cup breaks my loneliness; the third cup searches my barren entrails but to find therein some 5,000 volumes of old ideographs. The fourth cup raises a slight perspiration—all the wrong of life passes away through my pores. At the fifth cup I am purified; the sixth cup calls me to the realm of the immortals. The seventh cup—ah, but I could take no more!"

"Tea began as a medicine and ended as a beverage." Also it has had rituals, ceremonies and philosophies. In Japan it became "the religion of the art of life," and "the tea room was an oasis in the dreary waste of existence." This was in the fifteenth century, and the philosophy of Teism which then arose is described as "a cult founded on the adoration of the beautiful among the sordid facts of everyday existence. It inculcates purity and harmony, the mystery of mutual charity, the romanticism of the social order."

"Strangely enough," says Okakura, "humanity has so far met in the tea-cup. It is the only Asiatic ceremonial which commands universal respect. The white man has scoffed at our religion and our morals, but has accepted the brown beverage without hesitation. The afternoon tea is now an important function in western society."

Electric Light Bulbs.

While grasping a small incandescent electric lamp one night Professor Sommer, a German scientist, happened to observe that on contact with his hand the bulb of the lamp would show a luminosity comparable with a mist of light, illuminating certain parts of the glass as well as his fingers even before the electric current was completed. This phenomenon could be produced several times by rubbing the electric bulb with the hand. Not all electric bulbs are suitable for the experiment. Those which have been used for some time and which show the well known dark coating of carbon particles are especially apt to fail. After rubbing a new or nearly new lamp containing no metallic conductors strongly on the skin of the forehead or lower arm, to withdraw the lamp suddenly from the skin will cause the bulb to show the luminous phenomenon. Withdrawing the lamp and stopping it suddenly causes its outlines to stand out distinctly illuminated, while in the middle a bright spot is observed.

The Fungal Crew.

A correspondent sends to the Pioneer (Allahabad) the following notes on the fact that a case has been reported of a crew's nest having been found which was made out of telegraph wire: "Any thing resembling a twig is pressed into service. In the days of old, before glass stoppered bottles came into use for soda water, many nests were made of the wires used to keep in the corks of such bottles. A nest constructed out of brandy bottle wires was once taken in a palm tree outside Madras. Another nest was found composed of bits of tin stolen from the tin bazaar in Madras. One pair of crows constructed a nest out of gold and silver spectacle frames, purloined from the factory of Messrs. Lawrence & Mayo of Bombay. The materials for this nest, of which the value was 400 rupees, were stolen by the wily crows during the luncheon hour. It was noticed that the spectacle frames were disappearing from the factory in a mysterious manner, but it was some time before the thief was discovered."

An Odd Industry.

One of the strangest of modern industries is that carried on in the Jura district in France. It consists in taking the fur from live rabbits and weaving it into a textile fabric which makes the warmest kind of clothing material known. The species of rabbits which furnish the raw material for the manufacturing process is the Angora rabbit, which has received the name of the silk rabbit. Every three months the rabbit sheds its fur, and several days before this takes place nature is anticipated by female hands, which remove the long silken hairs by gentle friction. The skin is already "ripe," and the fur comes off easily and without the rabbit suffering the slightest pain from the operation. In fact, bunny appears to enjoy it, lying quietly in the lap of the operators during the manipulation.

London Globe.

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